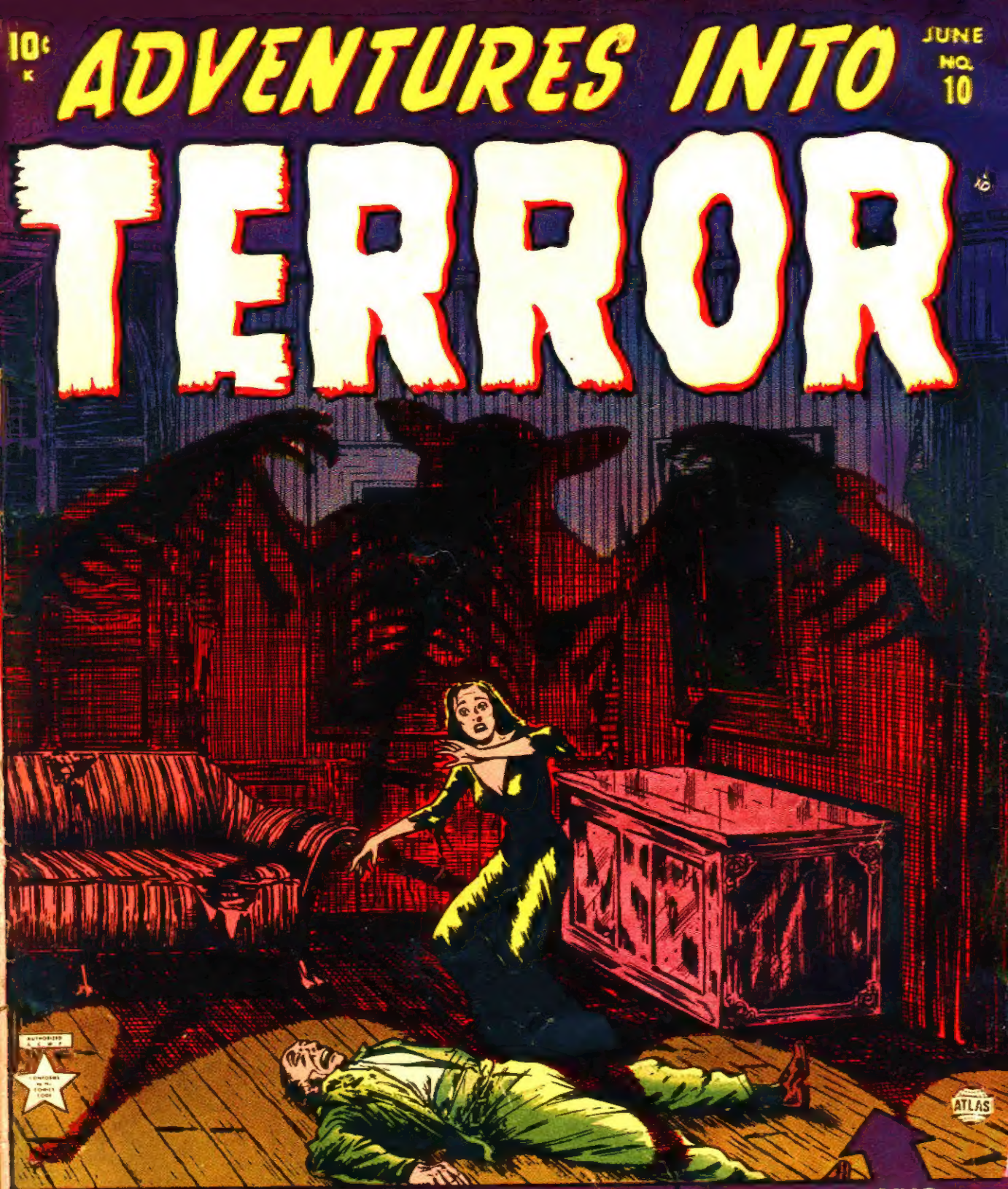
10¢

ADVENTURES INTO TERROR

JUNE
NO. 10



"THE DARK PASSAGE!"

"THE OLD HAG!"

MORE ADVENTURES INTO TERROR

AND FEATURING:

"WHEN THE VAMPIRE CALLS!"

WHEN THE VAMPIRE CALLS!

A BODY HORRIBLY MUTILATED, AND DRAINED OF BLOOD, LIES ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL VILLAGE IN NORTHERN FRANCE! IT'S NIGHT, AND SHADOWS CREEP ACROSS THE MOON...

A-25

..FOOTSTEPS THUD. ..COMING CLOSER...

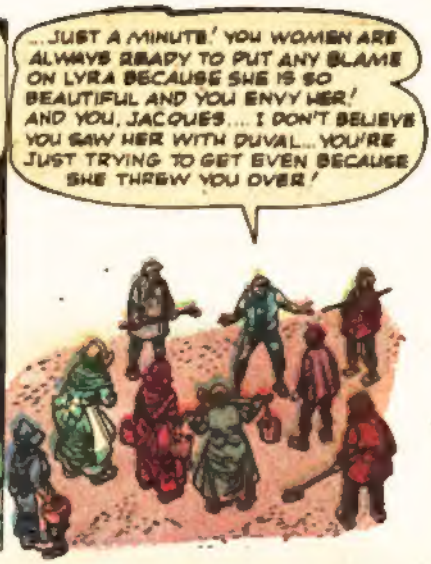
THE FOOTSTEPS STOP SUDDENLY..! ...A GASP!

THE BODY IS DISCOVERED!..

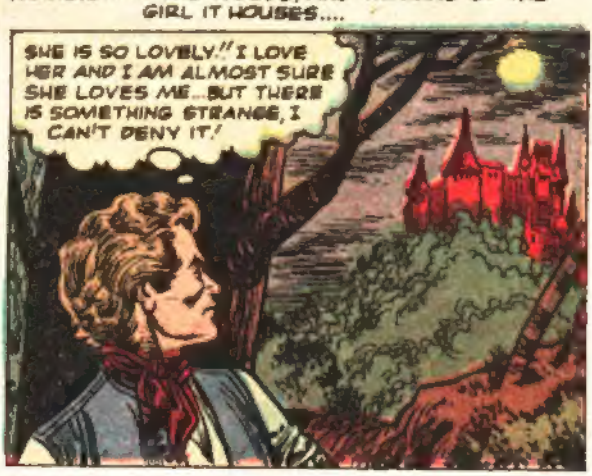
1

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

I SAW HIM EARLIER WITH LYRA DEFRENSE!
AHA! THAT ONE! I HAVE ALWAYS SAID IT IS NOT NATURAL FOR A YOUNG, PRETTY GIRL TO LIVE ALL ALONE IN A BIG MANSION IN THE WOODS! THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE!

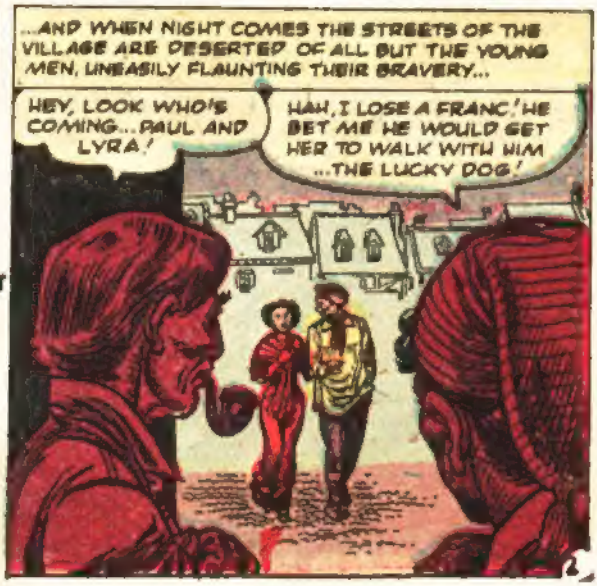

...JUST A MINUTE! YOU WOMEN ARE ALWAYS READY TO PUT ANY BLAME ON LYRA BECAUSE SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL AND YOU ENVY HER! AND YOU, JACQUES.... I DON'T BELIEVE YOU SAW HER WITH DUVAL... YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO GET EVEN BECAUSE SHE THREW YOU OVER!

THE BODY IS CARRIED AWAY, AND THE PEOPLE HURRY INDOORS, OUT OF THE NIGHT! BUT PIERRE, THE YOUNG FARMER, STANDS IN THE MOONLIGHT, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SILHOUETTE OF THE OLD MANSION IN THE WOODS, AND THINKING OF THE GIRL IT HOUSES....



THE VILLAGE IS QUIET THE NEXT DAY... A SHROUD OF FEAR HANGS OVER IT! SMALL GROUPS OF THE ELDERS GATHER AND TALK....!

...AND WHEN NIGHT COMES THE STREETS OF THE VILLAGE ARE DESERTED OF ALL BUT THE YOUNG MEN, UNEASILY FLAUNTING THEIR BRAVERY...



BUT HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THE OLDER PEOPLE SAY ABOUT HER?
THAT SHE'S A VAMPIRE? LISTEN, IF I COULD GET A GIRL LIKE THAT, WITH HER FACE AND FIGURE, I'D TAKE MY CHANCES THAT...

OUI, SHE JUST PASSED WITH PAUL! YOU COME COURTING TOO LATE, MON AMI!
YOU MUST LEAVE YOUR VESETABLES EARLIER, IF YOU WISH TO HOLD THE HAND OF A PRETTY GIRL, PIERRE!

A WIND SPRINGS UP, SIGHING THROUGH THE TREES... BLOWING AWAY THE PSEUDO BRAVERY OF THE YOUNG MEN, AND THEY HURRY AWAY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS...!

THE NEXT DAY THE SHADOW OF FEAR FALLS OVER THE VILLAGE AGAIN...

ALL DAY THE PARTY SEARCHES THE WOODS... AFRAID OF WHAT THEY WILL FIND!

AND WHEN DARKNESS COMES, PIERRE HURRIES FROM HIS FARM...!

LYRA, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU! I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME!
I LOVE YOU TOO, PIERRE, BUT I CAN'T MARRY YOU... EVER! PLEASE, LEAVE ME ALONE... DON'T COME TO SEE ME ANY MORE... AND NEVER, NEVER, COME TO THE OLD MANSION WHERE I LIVE!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME, AND YET...
DON'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND! I DO LOVE YOU, THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM ME! FIND SOME OTHER GIRL, PIERRE... I'M NOT FOR YOU!

NIGHT HAS COME NOW, AND LYRA FADES INTO THE SHADOWS AS THE SEARCHING PARTY RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE... WITH A GRUESOME BURDEN...!

HE WAS LAST SEEN WITH LYRA! SO WERE THE OTHERS! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT NOW! THAT WOMAN IS A VAMPIRE... SHE MUST BE DESTROYED... BURNED!
YOU'RE ALL CRAZY! IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE!

OUT OF THE WAY, PIERRE! YOU'RE UNDER HER SPELL LIKE THE REST OF THE YOUNG MEN! THAT'S HOW SHE GETS HER VICTIMS!
WELL SHE WON'T GET ANY MORE YOUNG MEN! WE'LL GET FRESH TORCHES AND BURN THAT OLD HOUSE DOWN WITH HER IN IT!

PIERRE HURRIES THROUGH THE DARKNESS TO THE OLD MANSION, AND AS HE APPROACHES HE SEES LYRA AND A MAN GOING IN THROUGH THE DOOR...

BUT I MUST WARN HER!
LYRA! LYRA, LET ME IN... HURRY!
PIERRE, GO AWAY! I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME HERE! GO!..GO!
NO! YOU MUST COME AWAY IMMEDIATELY!
...LYRA!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME!
LYRA, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I STILL LOVE YOU! WE CAN FIGHT THIS THING OUT TOGETHER! I'LL TAKE YOU TO PARIS...TO THE BIGGEST DOCTORS..YOU'LL BE CURED OF THIS THING! BUT WE MUST FLEE,,NOW!
PIERRE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...LOOK BEHIND YOU!
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN! WHAT... WHAT IS IT?
THIS, PIERRE, IS... MY BROTHER! A MONSTER..A DRINKER OF HUMAN BLOOD!
THAT'S WHY I LIVE ALONE HERE!..HIDING HIM! THAT'S WHY I CAN'T MARRY YOU.. BECAUSE THE BLOOD THAT FLOWS IN HIS VEINS FLOWS IN MINE...I AM TAINTED! OR I WOULD NOT DO HIS BIDDING AND USE MY BEAUTY TO LURE HIS VICTIMS!

...THE MONSTER SHUFFLES FORWARD, ITS JAWS DRIPPING, ITS TINY EYES FIXED HUNGRILY ON PIERRE!

GO, PIERRE..RUN! HE'S COMING FOR YOU... I CAN'T STOP HIM!

NO! I WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT YOU!

NO! NO, YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM... LEAVE HIM ALONE... UGHH!

LYRA! RUN!

...A ROCK SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW... THE VILLAGERS ARE OUTSIDE WITH THEIR TORCHES...

CRASH!

THEN LYRA'S HAND DARTS OUT TO A LONG, SHARP SHARD OF GLASS FROM THE BROKEN WINDOW..

...AND SHE STRIKES...!

URRRRGGH!

IN A DAZE PIERRE FEELS HANDS CLUTCHING AT HIM, DRAGGING HIM OUT! HE LOOKS BACK... HE SEES THE MONSTER IN ITS DEATH THROES TURN ON LYRA.. HE STRUGGLES WEAKLY AGAINST THE HANDS..

COME, SON!

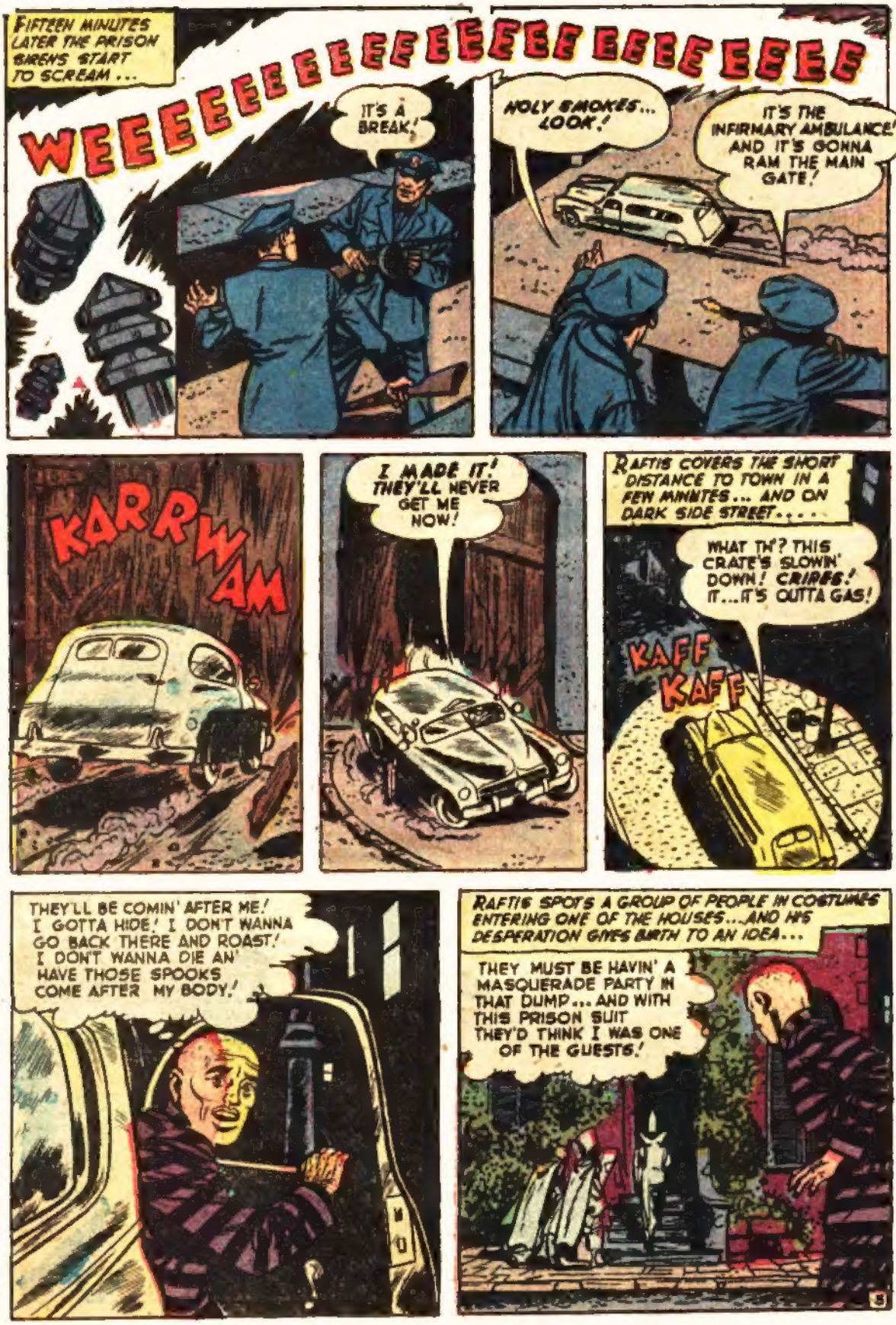
SHE LOVED ME! SHE DIED FOR THAT LOVE...SACRIFICING HERSELF TO SAVE ME!

THE NIGHT FLEES BEFORE THE DAWN! WHERE A MANSION STOOD NOW ONLY SMOKING ASHES REMAIN THE VILLAGERS HAVE GONE, BUT A LONELY FIGURE KNEELS NEAR, HIS HANDS CLASPED, HIS HEAD BOWED IN PRAYER...!

THE END

THE DARK PASSAGE

I'VE STILL GOT A FEW HOURS TO LIVE! GO AWAY! I'M NOT DEAD! ... I'M NOT!
HEY, RAFTIS! WAKE UP!
THOSE SCREWY DREAMS OF YOURS ARE DRIVING ALL THE OTHER GUYS STIR-CRAZY!
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THEY BURN THAT GUY.. HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
AW, LAY OFFA ME, WILL YA? I'M GOIN' TO THE CHAIR TONIGHT... I GOTTA RIGHT TO HOLLER AND BLOW OFF STEAM!
BUT I DON'T WANNA DIE! I'M SCARED OF DYING! I GOTTA GET OUTTA THIS CAN! I GOTTA... OR THEM SPOOKS WILL COME BACK CLAIMING MY BODY AFTER I FRY!
YEAH... I GOTTA MAKE A BREAK! I'LL YELL ... I'LL MAKE OUT I'M SICK AND THEY'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME DOWN TO THE INFIRM'RY! IT'S EASIER TO CRASH OUT FROM THERE!
OW-W-W! GUARD! HELP! (GASP!) I...I GOT SOMETHIN' STICKIN' IN MY THROAT! (GASP!) HELP! I'M CHOKIN... - (GASP!)
ARE YOU HAVIN' ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE SPOOKY DREAMS, RAFTIS... OR IS THIS ON THE LEVEL?
CAN'T YA SEE THAT... (GASP!) THAT I'M NOT DREAMIN' (GASP!) I.. I.. CAN'T BREATHE! HELP ME!
'OKAY, COM'N! I'M NOT GONNA LET YA CHOKE TO DEATH AN' CHEAT THE HOTSEAT!


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THE PRISON SIRENS START TO SCREAM...
WEEE

WELCOME... GLAD YOU MADE IT.
HUH? OH... YEAH... YEAH!
CRIPES! WHAT KINDA JOINT IS THIS? THAT GUY AT THE DOOR GREETED ME LIKE HE KNEW ME.
BUT HE CAN'T KNOW ME. I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THIS TOWN BEFORE AN' I DON'T...
HELLO, RAFTIS. GLAD TO SEE YOU! FINALLY MADE IT.
HEY, WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU? ..AN' HOW'D YOU KNOW MY NAME?
ARE YOU KIDDING, NICK? EVERYONE HERE KNOWS YOU.
WHAT? BUT HOW? TELL ME OR I'LL BREAK YOUR BLASTED NECK.
WAIT. YOU'LL FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF IN JUST A FEW SECONDS.
HUH? WHAT KINDA GAG IS THIS?
NOW'S THE TIME... EXACTLY MIDNIGHT. TIME TO UNMASK ...EVERYONE REMOVE THEIR MASK.
OH, NO... NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT CAN'T!

NICK RAFTIS CHOKES WITH HORROR AT THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM...
WELCOME, NICK!
GLAD YOU MADE IT, RAFTIS!
CONGRATULATIONS, NICK!
WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU
TWO MINUTES AFTER TWELVE, NICK.. NOW YOU'RE DEAD YOU'RE ONE OF US!
YOU'RE CRAZY! I'M NOT DEAD... I ESCAPED! I DIDN'T GET THE CHAIR... I'M ALIVE!
THEY ALL SAY THAT WHEN THEY FIND THEMSELVES DEAD! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE ... NO PAIN ... NOTHING! WE ALWAYS WELCOME THE NEWLY DEAD THIS WAY .. TO HELP THEM!
I TELL YA... I'M NOT DEAD! I'M NOT!
COME, NICK.. WE'LL ESCORT YOU DOWN THE DARK PASSAGE.. INTO THE LAND OF THE DEAD!
NICK RAFTIS SCREAMS AND HOLLERS...
NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE ME!
BUT HIS SHOUTS GET WEAKER AND WEAKER...
I'M ALIVE...
AS DEATH'S BLACK WATCH DRAGS HIM....
I'M NOT DEAD!
DOWN THE DARK PASSAGE...
I'M NOT...
THE END

THE SACRED TIGER

THE man who sat back in the big, comfortable leather chair, puffed contentedly, thoughtfully at his pipe. The pipe was hand-carved, and strange, weird symbols covered the bowl. All around him in the little room were collections of mysterious looking trinkets. And the glow from a roaring fire seemed to cast an even more eerie spell about the room. Paul Harrow had spent hours just like this, often, ever since his return from the African jungles only a few weeks before. Sometimes he would take down from its place above the fireplace, an evil-looking rifle, and tenderly, carefully run his hands across the smooth, polished surface, half-smiling to himself. This same rifle, he recalled thoughtfully, had brought a strange bit of mystery to his life. This rifle had shot and killed a great tigress, enabling him to capture with not too much difficulty, the white tiger cub that had belonged to her, the white cub which now slept peacefully in its comfortable cage in the basement of Paul Harrow's home. The basement was warm and he kept the cub well supplied with food.

As he blew a carefully moulded smoke ring, he remembered what had taken place just after he had taken the white tiger cub from its mother. The cub was harmless, and quite friendly and lovable, and he let it roam almost contentedly about his camp grounds, which were enclosed with a high bamboo gate that prevented it from leaving the camp.

After Paul had fed the cub her first meal away from its mother, he left it to play with some twigs, and headed for the hut of Bwanai, the chieftain of the friendly natives who had invited him and his hunting party to settle in their camp while they conducted their expedition. Paul had accepted the invitation gladly, and in the ten days which had passed since they had arrived there, he and Bwanai had become good friends.

Paul was excited and wanted to tell Bwanai the news about the tigress and her cub, but as he headed for the straw hut in which the chief lived, he heard the sounds of many voices, and the chants of the village women in the distance. He noticed one of the natives sitting on the ground near him, so he approached him and inquired about the chants and all the noise.

"Village sad," replied the native, "great Bwanai's mother . . . she die . . . Bwanai see her die in dream . . . village mourn!"

Paul looked about the grounds until he came upon Bwanai, and offered his condolences to the shaken man. But suddenly Bwanai straightened, as if he did not want to show his grief to an outsider, and it was then that Paul mentioned the news about the cub. But Paul was startled to see the expression on the chief's face, and his ears could hardly believe the strange tale he heard from Bwanai's lips.

"Take not white cub . . . sacred cub . . . from this village . . . it is protector of village . . . it good omen . . . You take away, it bad omen for you . . . leave sacred white cub in village . . ."

Paul listened, but in his mind he knew that already he was making plans to end the expedition and head back to the United States.

And within two days, Paul and his hunting party had packed and made ready all the jungle treasures they had collected, and were on their way through the jungle to the coast, where they boarded a ship and headed for the States.

Paul had taken the white tiger cub, and now it slept in the basement of his home in a wooded, lonely section of Connecticut.

He laughed at Bwanai's warn-

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ing.

"Bad omen, indeed," he said to himself, getting up from the chair and tapping the ashes from his pipe against the side of a unique African hand carved bowl which he used for an ash-tray. "Why, the little cub is such a cute little thing, it could never bring anything but pleasure to me. As a matter of fact, I think I'll take a peek at the cub now."

Paul went to the door which led to the basement, and opened it cautiously, lest he disturb the cub. He crept downstairs, and there in its own corner, lay the white cub, seemingly contented. Paul bent down to stroke its soft white fur, but jumped back suddenly as he saw its eyes open, and look at him not with the look of an innocent harmless little cub, but with one which reminded him of someone else's eyes.

Paul regained his composure after a moment and scoffed at the very idea. Satified that the cub was comfortable, he went upstairs and returned to the big chair before the fireplace.

He sat there, staring into the flames, for perhaps an hour, when his eyes became drowsy and began to close. Then he fell into a sleep and he dreamed he saw Bwanai, the native chieftain, standing before him. He was saying the words he said the day Paul captured the white cub . . . "take not white cub . . . it is protector of village . . . bad omen for you if you take from village . . ."

And the a roaring noise tore Paul from his chair. He turned toward the direction from which the sound had come, and there, at the head of the staircase that led to the basement, the white cub stood, half-crouched, as if ready to spring, and growling ferociously. But its face was no longer that of a small, friendly cub . . . it had the face . . . the strangely familiar face of someone Paul had known.

And then, suddenly, Paul knew. It was the face of Bwanai, the native chief, anger twisting the sharp features.

"Bwanai" gasped Paul, as the cub crept up toward him.

"Yes . . . I am Bwanai. And the great tigress who you killed that day in the jungle . . . she was my mother. I warn you . . . taking cub from village bring you bad luck . . . and now . . . for killing mother, I kill . . ."

Paul backed up toward a wall, but he was too slow for the nimble cub. In a second the cub was at his throat, roaring and tearing at his throat. He fell to the floor, dead, as the cub crept away silently.

Paul Harrow had killed the great tigress of the jungle, and captured her cub, and now he had paid for his deed.

THE END 9987

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

of Adventures Into Terror, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are. Publisher, Current Detective Stories, Inc., 350 5th Avenue New York 1, N. Y., Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue New York 1, N. Y., Managing Editor, Martin Goodman 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y., Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Current Detective Stories, Inc., 350 5th Avenue New York 1, N. Y., Martin Goodman 350 5th Avenue New York 1, N. Y., Jerome A. Perles, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Morris Siegel, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above was (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON

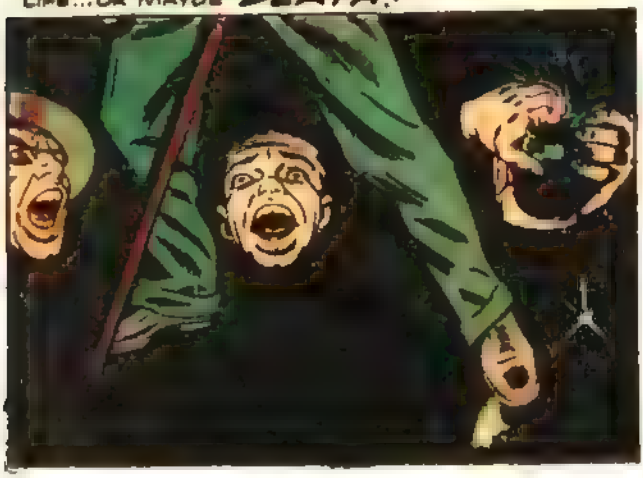
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1951.

(SEAL) PETER F. ZIMMER.
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 41-4389400
Qual. in Queens Co., Certs. filed with N. Y. Co. Clk., Queens & N. Y. Co. Registers
Term expires March 30, 1953

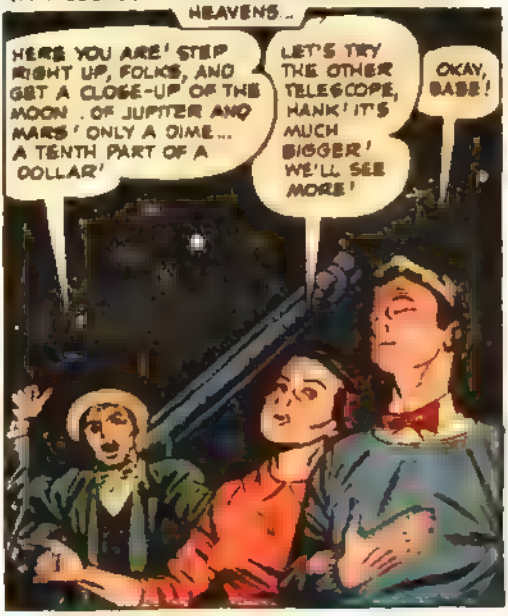
BE CAREFUL OF SIDEWALK TELESCOPES! YOU'LL GO MAD TOO, IF YOU SEE...

WHAT WALTER SAW

DO YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO READ THIS STORY? IF YOU DO, YOU MIGHT SOLVE ALL THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE...OR MAYBE DEATH!



WALTER WAS A FAMILIAR FIGURE ALONG THE BOARDWALK OF CONEY ISLAND! HE WAS ONE OF A GROUP OF OPERATORS OF TELESCOPES THAT LOOKED UP INTO THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS..


HERE YOU ARE! STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS, AND GET A CLOSE-UP OF THE MOON . OF JUPITER AND MARS! ONLY A DIME... A TENTH PART OF A DOLLAR!
LET'S TRY THE OTHER TELESCOPE, HANK! IT'S MUCH BIGGER! WE'LL SEE MORE!
OKAY, BABE!

AND THAT'S HOW IT WENT WITH POOR WALTER! THE OTHER TELESCOPE MEN ALWAYS DREW MORE OF A CROWD THAN HE DID..

WELL, WELL, ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR! SOME MAKE IT, OTHERS DON'T! WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY . AND SO FORTH AND SO ON! G'NIGHT, WALTER!
GOOD NIGHT!
DOGGONIT! WHY CAN'T I MAKE AS MUCH MONEY AS THOSE OTHER GUYS? JUST ONE GOOD NIGHT'S WORK AND I'D BE SATISFIED .. JUST ONE, THAT'S ALL..
BUT I'VE ONLY GOT A LITTLE TELESCOPE . WHILE THOSE OTHERS ARE BIGGER, MORE POWERFUL! NOW, IF I HAD SOME STRONGER LENSES...
HUH?
WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY!
OH, YEAH? WELL! I'VE GOT THE WILL, AND THERE IS A WAY! IF I TOOK JUST ONE LENS FROM EACH OF THE OTHER TELESCOPES.. AND ADDED THEM TO MINE.. IT WOULDN'T HURT THE OTHERS TOO MUCH... THOSE POWERFUL GLASSES HAVE SO MANY AND IT WOULD MAKE MINE REALLY POWERFUL.. I'LL DO IT!
AND HE DID IT! WALTER WENT FROM ONE TELESCOPE TO THE OTHER, TAKING A LENS FROM EACH ONE...
IT'S NOT REALLY STEALING... AFTER ALL, I'M JUST BORROWING THEM!
AND ADDED THEM TO HIS OWN..
JUST SHOVE THEM ALL IN HERE! I'LL PROBABLY HAVE THE MOST POWERFUL TELESCOPE ON THE BOARDWALK!
IT'S ALMOST DAWN NOW AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO TRY IT OUT 'TILL TONIGHT! WONDER IF IT'LL WORK! WE'LL SEE WHEN IT GETS DARK!

WALTER WAITED PATIENTLY ALL DAY, AND THEN, THAT NIGHT...
OH, DARLING, THE OTHER TELESCOPES ARE TOO CROWDED! LET'S TRY THIS ONE!
ALRIGHT, SWEETHEART! YOU LOOK FIRST!
AT LAST! MY FIRST CUSTOMERS! I'LL LET THEM LOOK BEFORE I DO!
THE BOY AND THE GIRL LOOKED INTO THE TELESCOPE, AND BECAME A RAVING MANIAC!
AAEEE... EEH! NO... NO! OHH...
WHA... WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING?
HUH?
AAEEEH! I HATE YOU. I HATE YOU! AAEEE!
THEY LED HER AWAY SCREAMING! BUT OTHERS WERE ATTRACTED TO WALTER'S TELESCOPE! THEY PAID, LOOKED, AND...
SOON THE BOARDWALK WAS FILLED WITH STARK-MAD PEOPLE WHO HAD LOOKED THRU THE TELESCOPE.. AND WALTER HAD ALL THE MONEY HE COULD WANT!
WELL, WELL, WELL! NOBODY'S LEFT! ALL SENT TO THE OBSERVATION WARDS! WONDER WHAT IT WAS THEY SAW! THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE PEEK..
ANOTHER ONE, HERB! QUICK, GRAB HIM!
EEEEEEEEEEE
AFTER WHAT WALTER SAW, NOTHING WAS ANY GOOD TO HIM ANY MORE.. NOT MONEY... NOT LIFE... NOT ANYTHING! THE EARTH WAS SURROUNDED BY....
THE END

THE SNAKE!

ALL RIGHT, SO MAYBE I DON'T TELL THE TRUTH *ALL* THE TIME! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, IF I SPIN A GOOD YARN TO PASS THE TIME AWAY? IT DON'T GIVE JED HALLOWAY THE RIGHT TO CALL ME A LIAR...

AN' THEN THIS BIG, GIANT SNAKE KEPT COMING CLOSER... I GRABBED A STICK AND SHOVED IT IN HIS MOUTH, AND BEFORE HE COULD GET AWAY I SKINNED HIM!..

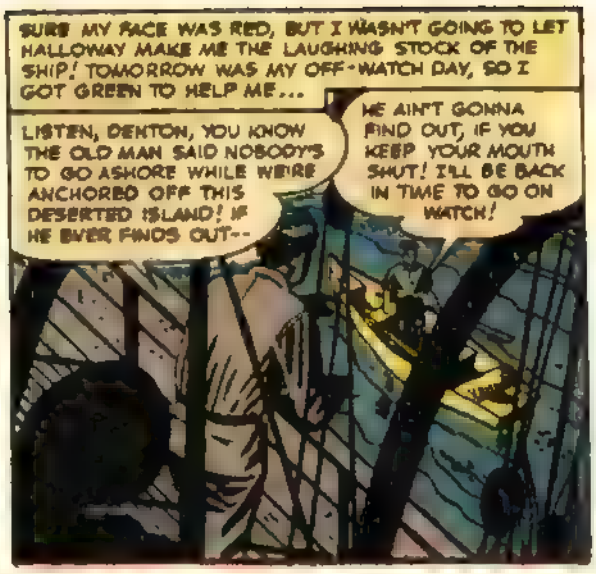
YOU'RE A LIAR, DENTON! IF A SNAKE SNEEZED IN YOUR DIRECTION YOU'D GO HALFWAY TO CHINA...

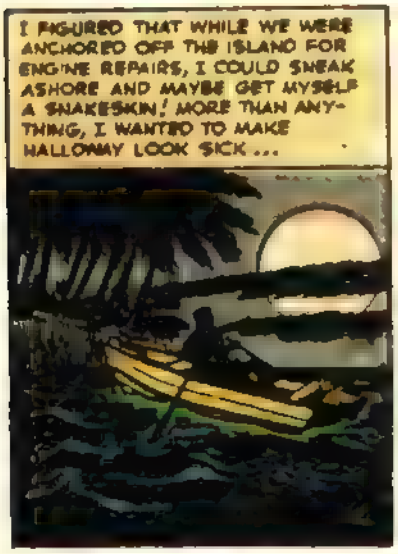
SO WHAT WAS MORE NATURAL THEN FOR ME TO DEFEND MYSELF?... OF COURSE I HAD TO MAKE UP ANOTHER LIE TO DO IT...

IS ZAT SO? ALL RIGHT, WISE-GUY... MAYBE YOU KNOW TOO MUCH! BUT I GOT THAT SNAKE'S SKIN RIGHT IN MY DUFFEL BAG WHERE I KEEP IT FOR A SOUVENIR... PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT!

YEAH? AND THE SKIPPER'S GOT BARNACLES UNDER HIS TOENAILS! I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT...

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M NOT SO BRIGHT! IT WAS REALLY A STUPID THING TO PUT MYSELF ON THE SPOT LIKE THAT, BECAUSE NATURALLY THE GUYS WANTED TO SEE IT...
YEAH, HOW ABOUT IT? LET'S SEE THE SKIN!
GO AHEAD... GET IT OUT OF YOUR DUFFEL BAG...
NOT TONIGHT! I'M KINDA TIRED...I DON'T CARE IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU SOME OTHER TIME... I'M GOIN' OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR!..


SURE MY FACE WAS RED, BUT I WASN'T GOING TO LET HALLOWAY MAKE ME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE SHIP! TOMORROW WAS MY OFF-WATCH DAY, SO I GOT GREEN TO HELP ME...
LISTEN, DENTON, YOU KNOW THE OLD MAN SAID NOBODY'S TO GO ASHORE WHILE WE'RE ANCHORED OFF THIS DESERTED ISLAND! IF HE EVER FINDS OUT--
HE AIN'T GONNA FIND OUT, IF YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! I'LL BE BACK IN TIME TO GO ON WATCH!


I FIGURED THAT WHILE WE WERE ANCHORED OFF THE ISLAND FOR ENGINE REPAIRS, I COULD SNEAK ASHORE AND MAYBE GET MYSELF A SNAKESKIN! MORE THAN ANYTHING, I WANTED TO MAKE HALLOWAY LOOK SICK...

THE PLACE DIDN'T LOOK AS MUCH LIKE A COZY SOUTH SEA ISLAND, AS IT HAD FROM THE SHIP THAT MORNING! IT WAS A DESOLATE SWAMPLAND...
BRRRR, WHAT A PLACE! NO WONDER THE SKIPPER WOULDN'T GIVE US SHORE LEAVE! WELL, THERE'S PROBABLY PLENTY OF SNAKES HERE...

WELL, I DIDN'T HAVETA WAIT LONG FOR THAT! IT'S KINDA SMALL, BUT AFTER I DRY THE SKIN OUT OVER A FIRE, I CAN TELL THEM THAT HALF OF IT BROKE OFF...

HHSSSSSSS...

BOY, WON'T HALLOWAY'S FACE BE RED, WHEN I OPEN UP MY DUFFLE BAG AND SHOW HIM THIS...

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO GET A NICE FIRE GOING, BUT JUST AS I WAS DRYING OUT THE SKIN, I HEARD IT -- SOMETHING RUSTLING IN THE UNDERBRUSH...
WHO'S THERE? WHAT THE -- ?? NO! NO!
IT WAS A SNAKE! NOT A SMALL ONE LIKE I'D KILLED, BUT A LARGE THING THAT SWAYED TO AND FRO, WATCHING ME WITH BEADY EYES...
(GASP!) IT -- IT MUST BE THE MOTHER SNAKE OF THE ONE I KILLED... IT HAS THE SAME MARKINGS... BUT LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT -- AND I LEFT MY AXE BACK THERE...
AND THEN, JUST WHEN I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO ATTACK ME, IT DISAPPEARED INTO THE SWAMP! I LOOKED OUT TO WHERE I'D MOORED MY BOAT -- BUT -- !!!
WH -- ! I-IT'S -- GONE!!
INCREDULOUSLY, I STARED AT THE EMPTY STUMP! BUT AS IF FROM NOWHERE, THE SNAKE APPEARED IN THE WATER -- AND SWAM TO THE STUMP WHERE I'D MOORED THE BOAT...
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT -- IT LET MY DINGHY LOOSE!
I WATCHED, AS IT WRAPPED ITSELF AROUND THE STUMP, IT SWAYED BACK AND FORTH AS IF SIGNALLING ME TO NOTICE IT, AND THEN...
CR-RASH!
I WAS STUNNED! IT COULDN'T BE REAL! IT WASN'T HAPPENING! IT WAS ONLY A -- NIGHTMARE!
WH -- ! LIKE A TOOTHPICK! IT -- IT CRUSHED THE STUMP! IT HAS ME TRAPPED! TRAPPED WITHOUT A BOAT -- OR PROVISIONS! WAIT! THE CREW! THEY'LL NOTICE ME GONE! THEY'LL COME --
RELIEF SURGED THROUGH ME! UNTIL I REMEMBERED! I WAS OFF DUTY! I WOULDN'T BE MISSED -- UNTIL EVENING! AND THE ONLY THING THAT STOOD BETWEEN ME AND THE SNAKE WAS -- MY FIRE!
WOOD! GOTTA GET WOOD -- ! FIRE! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY! IT KNOWS I KILLED THE OTHER SNAKE, AND IT'S OUT TO GET ME --

WITH A TORCH TO PROTECT ME, I GATHERED MORE WOOD!
STAY BACK! BACK! YOU WON'T GET ME! BACK...

EVERYWHERE, SHE FOLLOWED ME! THE SHINY, POWERFUL COILS SLID CLOSE AS THEY DARED! I SHUDDERED AS I COULD ALMOST FEEL THEIR CLAMMY GRIP ON MY THROAT!

I SPENT THE NIGHT INSIDE THE RING OF FIRE! NOW IT WAS A RACE AGAINST TIME! IF ONLY MY SHIPMATES WOULD GET TO ME BEFORE--THE SNAKE!
ONLY A FEW HOURS! AND THAT SUN! HOT AS BLAZES!

THE SUN BEAT DOWN! NOON CAME, AND IT ROSE HIGHER IN THE SKY-- HIGHER AND-- HOTTER!
---AGH! WATER! WATER--! BUT I CAN'T LEAVE THE FIRE TO GET A DRINK! HE'LL GET ME!

I WAS ALONE! ALONE IN A NIGHTMARE! FIGHTING THE HEAT, THE THIRST--AND THE SNAKE! THE EVER-WATCHFUL SNAKE!

MY EYES WERE BURNING! MY SKIN WAS RED AND FEVERISH! MY MOUTH WAS ON FIRE! AND STILL I COULD SEE HIM!- WAITING--:
(GASP!) 2 O'CLOCK--! AND THIS FIRE! THE SUN! I'M BURNING UP! WHY DON'T THEY COME?

HOURS CRAWLED BY! I FELT LIKE A PIG ON A SPIT-- BAKING IN THE SUN! MY ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO KEEP THE FIRE GOING-- TO KEEP THE KILLER AT BAY...TO STAY ALIVE...
CAN'T (GASP!) LET IT DIE... ONLY A LITTLE WHILE LONGER -- A LITTLE WHILE... L-ON-G-ER...

MY BODY WAS WEAKENED BY SUN AND FIRE! AND THE SNAKE KNEW IT! HE WAS CLOSING IN... CLOSER... CLOSER...
--NO! NO! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, I'LL KILL MYSELF FIRST!
FINALLY--AS MY LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH SEEMED TO EBB, I HEARD IT!
WH--? YES--! YES--IT IS! THEY'RE COMING!
IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE! I WAS SAVED! I HAD BATTLED THE ELEMENTS AND THE SNAKE! AND I HAD WON...
I WON! I OUTSMARTED YOU!
I LAUGHED HYSTERICALLY! I COULD HARDLY SEE, BUT I KNEW THE SNAKE WAS GONE! IN A DAZE, I CALLED MY BUDDIES AND SAW THEM ADVANCE IN BLURRED IMAGES...
WH--! FRANK, HE'S FAINTED!
HURRY! HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! GET HIM INTO THE DINGHY FAST!
WHEN I CAME TO...
I'LL JUST PUT HIS BAG HERE, SIR!
ALL RIGHT! NOW WE'D BETTER LEAVE! DENTON'S A MIGHTY SICK MAN! SEVERE SHOCK! SUNSTROKE! HE'LL NEED SLEEP!
GROGGILY, I OPENED MY EYES! SOMETHING WAS IN THE ROOM... IT DISTURBED ME STRANGELY! BUT HOW COULD IT GET OUT HERE TO THE SHIP?
NO! NOOOOO! DON'T!
I HAD BROUGHT IT WITH ME...
THE END
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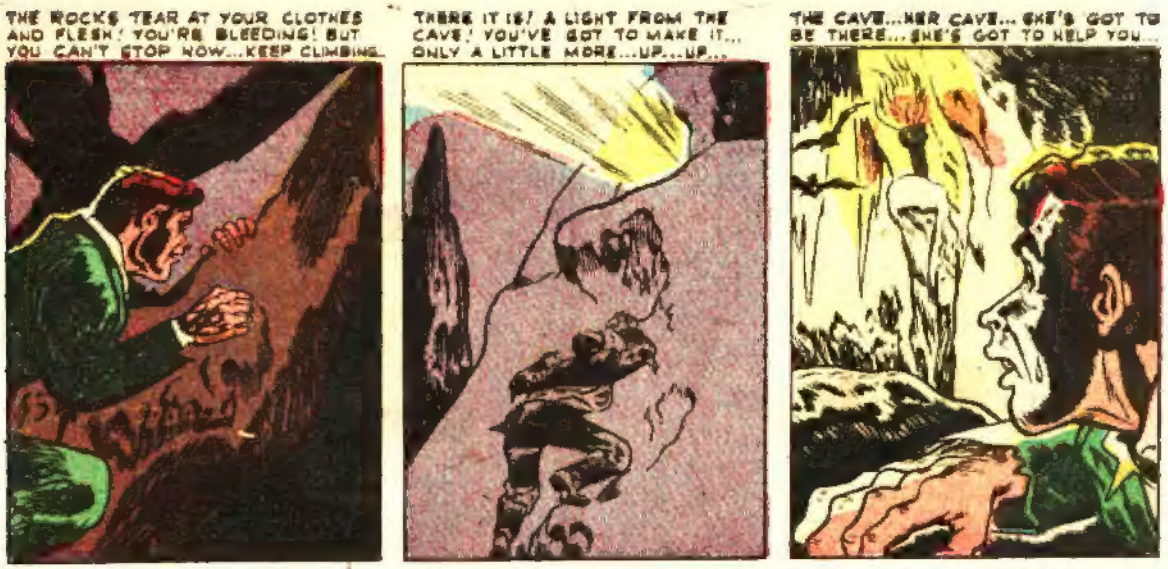
THE ROCKS TEAR AT YOUR CLOTHES AND FLESH! YOU'RE BLEEDING! BUT YOU CAN'T STOP NOW...KEEP CLIMBING
THERE IT IS! A LIGHT FROM THE CAVE! YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE IT... ONLY A LITTLE MORE...UP...UP...
THE CAVE...HER CAVE... SHE'S GOT TO BE THERE... SHE'S GOT TO HELP YOU...

WHAT STRANGE POWERS COULD A MAN FIND, IF HE ENTERED THE CAVE OF...

THE OLD HAG

SHE LEADS YOU INSIDE, THE PLACE REEKS OF FILTH AND YOU GAG AS YOU TELL HER WHY YOU CAME...

YOU GOTTA HELP ME! I WAS TOLD YOU HAVE MYSTERIOUS POWERS... THAT YOU DO THINGS TO PEOPLE... CAN CHANGE PEOPLE...

YES-S! I HAVE CERTAIN POWERS! BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE?

WHY? THAT'S A HOT ONE! MIGHT AS WELL ASK WHY A HUNGRY MAN WANTS FOOD! TELL HER... LET HER KNOW WHAT YOUR LOUSY LIFE IS LIKE, SWEEPING OUT THE FACTORY ALL DAY...

WORK! WORK! SWEEP IT UP, AND IT GETS DIRTY AGAIN! BLASTED, LOUSY JOB... NO FUTURE... I'M A NOBODY...

OTHER GUYS HAVE GIRL FRIENDS...

...AND BEAUTIFUL CARS...

PLENTY OF DOUGH TO ENJOY GOOD FOOD...

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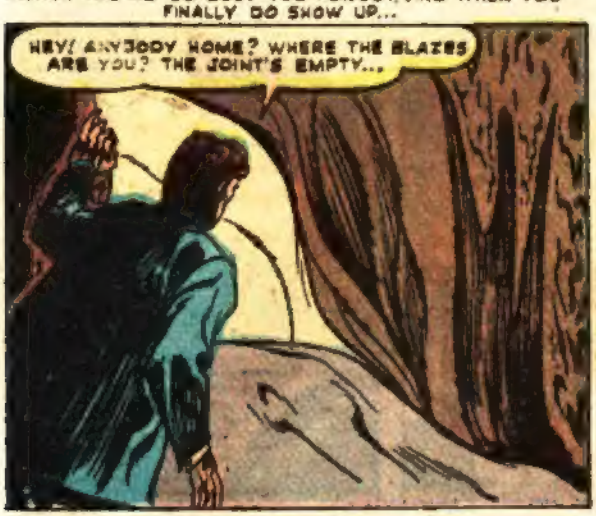
EVEN GORGEOUS HOMES WITH NICE, COOL SWIMMING POOLS...

BUT NOT YOU! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY OF THOSE THINGS! ALL YOU GOT IS A LOUSY JOB, AND A STINKIN' LITTLE ROOM WHERE YOU CAN FLOP WHEN YOU DROWN YOUR SORROWS IN LIQUOR...

THAT'S WHY I WANNA CHANGE... AN' THE OLD BUM I MET IN A BAR TOLD ME YOU COULD HELP ME! PLEASE CHANGE ME... MAKE ME DIFFERENT... MAKE ME FAMOUS!

YES, I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU THAT WILL MAKE YOU DIFFERENT FROM OTHERS! IT WILL MAKE YOU RICH AND FAMOUS, BUT YOU MUST PAY ME FOR IT...
WELL, I ONLY GOT A FEW BUCKS THAT I BEEN SAVING UP! YOU C'N HAVE THAT!
HERE, DRINK THIS! I'LL TAKE THAT MONEY NOW, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME MORE LATER!
SURE! SURE! IF I GET RICH, AND MAKE A LOT OF DOUGH, I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY MORE...
PAH! UGH... WHAT A LOUSY TASTE!
TRUE... BUT WAIT A FEW MINUTES AND SEE WHAT IT DOES TO YOU...
NOT THAT YOU BELIEVE ANYTHING WILL REALLY HAPPEN ...BUT WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE? SO YOU-WAIT, AND THEN WHAT DOES HAPPEN NEARLY RIPS YOUR EYES OUT OF YOUR HEAD...
CRIPES! HOLY COW! I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M STRETCHING! WHAT'D YOU DO TO ME?
I'VE MADE YOU DIFFERENT! I'VE GIVEN YOU THE POWER OF ELASTICITY...TO ENABLE YOU TO STRETCH ANY PART OF YOUR BODY LIKE RUBBER!
YOU GET THE ANGLE NOW! TELEVISION...THE MOVIES... THE STAGE...PLACES THAT'LL PAY PLENTY TO HAVE A GUY LIKE YOU PERFORM! YOU'LL BE FAMOUS...
WOW! THAT'S IT! I'M SOMEBODY NOW ... SOMEBODY DIFFERENT!
HEE! HEE! YES...BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER! YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP COMING BACK HERE ONCE A MONTH OR IT WILL WEAR OFF! AND EACH TIME YOU'LL PAY ME...
SURE YOU'LL REMEMBER... BUT MEANWHILE THERE'S T.V. SHOWS...
AND THE MONEY COMES ROLLING IN BUCKETFULLS
THERE ARE PERSONAL APPEARANCES ON THE STAGE! LOTS OF APPLAUSE FOR A STAR...
AND OF COURSE, WHERE THERE'S A RICH FAMOUS STAR THERE'S ALSO...

FOR A LONG TIME YOU KEEP COMING BACK TO THE OLD HAG...GIVING HER WHAT SHE'S GOT COMING! THEN, ONE MONTH YOU'RE SO BUSY YOU FORGOT, AND WHEN YOU FINALLY DO SHOW UP...



THIS IS WHERE I FLOP NOW! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FER THE OLD LADY... SHE'S DEAD! THE GUY THAT BROUGHT HER DOUGH EVERY MONTH DIDN'T SHOW UP...AND SHE STARVED TO DEATH!
DEAD? BUT I-- WHAT'LL I DO? IT'LL WEAR OFF... SHE TOLD ME IF I DIDN'T SHOW UP EVERY MONTH IT'D WEAR OFF...

GET OUT OF THE CAVE...AWAY SOMEPLACE WHERE YOU CAN THINK, YOU GO BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT... TREMBLING...AFRAID...

WELL, IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW! AT LEAST I'VE GOT ALL MY MONEY AND EVERYTHING! I BETTER MAKE MYSELF HANDSOME BEFORE MY STRETCHING POWERS WEAR OFF...

AT FIRST WHAT YOU SEE IN THE MIRROR, MAKES YOU THINK YOUR EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS ON YOU, BUT THEN YOU KNOW THAT SOMETHING IS HORRIBLY WRONG...

YOU'VE SPENT ALL YOUR MONEY TRYING TO BE CURED BY DOCTORS, BUT NOTHING WORKS! THE POWER HAS WORN OFF...AND NOW YOU'RE IN A DIFFERENT KIND OF SHOW BUSINESS...

YOU KNOW WHAT SHE MEANT WHEN SHE SAID IT WOULD WEAR OFF! SHE DIDN'T MEAN THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STRETCH ANY MORE...

YOU KNOW NOW THAT THE ELASTICITY HAS WORN OFF, AND YOU CAN STRETCH ALL RIGHT...BUT YOU CAN NEVER SNAP BACK TO YOUR ORIGINAL SHAPE...